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BUSHROD WASHINGTON JAMES, M.D.

A BIOGRAPHY

COMPILED FROM THE NOTES OF DR. JAMES

BY

HARRIET R. STAPLETON



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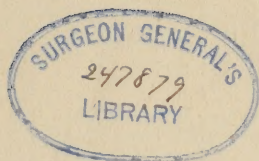
AS DIRECTED BY THE WILL OF DR. JAMES



1921

BUSHROD WASHINGTON JAMES, A.M., M.D., LL.D.

A
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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. The James Family in America.....	5
II. School Days.....	9
III. Travels.....	11
IV. Traits.....	15
V. Writings.....	19
VI. Professional Life.....	22
VII. Decision upon Profession.....	25
VIII. Sons of the Revolution.....	27
IX. The Potts Family.....	30
X. The James Family in Wales.....	34
XI. Somerton.....	36
XII. A Mason.....	38
XIII. Founding of Hospital—His Death.....	40



PHOTOGRAPH

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Bushrod W. James

Life is a round of battles, bravely fought,
Or weakly lost for want of noble will,
To meet each foe before the standard brought
With weapons tempered with unerring skill.
So strength to meet it must be bravely strong
In eyes that quail not, hearts too bold to faint.

“Life’s Battles”—

Bushrod W. James.

CHAPTER I.

WILLIAM PENN, founder of the State of Pennsylvania, came to this country in 1681. Every incoming vessel brought as passengers, converts to the new religious body called Quakers. Among those who came over in 1683, were David and Margaret James. They were friends of John Lloyd and probably came over in the vessel with that famous Friend. To show that David and Margaret James had left Wales and had come to this country solely on account of religious persecution, a certificate to that effect was drawn up, and on the 5th month, 20th day, 1683, signed by John Lloyd, John Watson, Daniel Lewis, and several other important members of the faith. This certificate is on the records of the Haverford Monthly Meeting of Friends, Vol. I. p. 308. This was done owing to the fact that many who had suffered incarceration for various reasons, fled to this settlement to find seclusion, and a chance for a new life in this peaceful Community.

Owing to the historical value of the certificate it may not be amiss to quote it here:—

Radnorshire at our Men's Meeting, the 20th day of the 5th month, Anno Domini 1683. Whereas we understand that our dear friend David James and his wife Margaret, with his daughter Mary who have for several years past inhabited among us both in the parish of Llandegly and Glascum both in the county of Radnor, having now arrived in the eighth month, 1682, into the Province of Pennsylvania, seeing he doth require a certificate from us his friends and former acquaintances we doe therefore certifie unto all whom it may concern that he hath been a man walking harmless and of good behavior, loving to his friends and having good report amongst his neighbors and so left a good Saviour behind with us.—And his dear wife Margaret hath owned the same truth these several years and hath walked orderly and in love among friends, and we doe further certifie that our friend David James did not transport himself and family into ye place aforesaid for any debt or debts to any person or persons, neither for any

wrongful act or deed by him, his wife or child done or committed against any person or persons whatsoever and to this testimony we put our names as followeth:—

OWEN HUMPHREY
JOHN JAMES
DANIEL LEWIS
NATHAN WOODLIFF
DAVID MEREDITH
JOHN LLOYD
EDWARD MOORE

RICHARD COOK
DAVID GRIFFITH
EDWARD JARMAN
REES REES
ROGER HUGHES
JOHN ROBERTS
JOHN WATSON

Before leaving their mother country these pioneers, David and Margaret James, purchased from William Penn a tract of land which they called Radnor after the county of Radnor from which they came.

The history of the family does not mention definitely whether David James and his family came on the vessel with William Penn or on that in which Lloyd, the Deputy Governor, sailed. Considering their companionship in Wales it is very likely that David James and his family came over with the latter. They arrived in September, 1682. Research tells us that David, his wife Margaret, and a son Evan, who was born on the voyage or immediately afterward, occupied a cave near a spring of clear water. This cave served as a home until a log house was constructed.

In following the very limited history of this honest Quaker we are led to believe that he was purely an agriculturist who attended faithfully to his own affairs and left the more active parts of government and building towns to other hands. As in all the Colonies, the wife and daughter must have had many dangers to face while David and his farmhands worked on the estate. We do not know how long they lived, but the beautiful property called Radnor descended to Evan who was the only son of David James. Evan James married Margaret Jones of Tredyffryn, Chester County, on June 8, 1739. The quaint certificate of their marriage is still preserved.

At his death Evan bequeathed seventy-eight and three-fourths acres of land and the Mansion House to his son Griffith, who married Mary, a daughter of Jesse Gyger. Griffith and Mary James had five children. David James the eldest son, became an itinerant of the Methodist Church in 1799, and was ordained deacon by the venerable Bishop of Ardsbury on June

3, 1801. David married Elizabeth Boehm. David and Elizabeth James left the old homestead and settled permanently in Trenton, New Jersey. Isaac James, a younger son of Griffith James, on March 26, 1801, married Henrietta Potts, a daughter of Thomas Potts, the iron manufacturer whose works were at Manatawny, Pennsylvania. She was a granddaughter of Rebecca Grace, a woman made prominent as one of the first people in Pennsylvania to liberate slaves. This was a remarkable fact, for at that time slavery was not censured, even by the Quakers, all of whom afterwards gave freedom to their slaves.

There is no positive record of when the James family forsook the Society of Friends, but Isaac James relates that his grandfather Evan James gave to the Methodist Society the plot of ground upon which the Radnor church was built. The deed of this gift is said to be in the possession of the family of Daniel Gyger. The deed is dated October, 1783. That the James family embraced the new religion became known before the building of the Radnor church, for Griffith James invited preachers of the Methodist faith to come to his house and preach.

Isaac and Henrietta James gave to their nine children every advantage to be derived from a scholarly education. Two of the sons, Thomas and John, were scientists of considerable repute. David, the third son, was graduated from Jefferson Medical Institution in 1828, and practiced the system taught in that institution for fourteen years. Being of a thoughtful and investigating turn of mind, and deeply interested in all material pertaining to his profession, when the writings of Hahnemann were promulgated, he gave them his undivided attention and study. After faithful and conscientious trial of the new system he adopted it. So much confidence had his patients in his ability that when he changed his manner of treating disease nearly all of them retained him as their physician. About this time, his father, then a practicing physician, also examined, tested and accepted the system of Hahnemann, and thus father and son, became, as it were, pioneers in the Homoeopathic School.

Dr. David James began practice as an associate of Dr. Worthington of Byberry Township. Upon the latter's retiring from active practice, Dr. James fell into his place without any trouble. Dr. James was a man of strong Christian character. His

happy disposition brought cheer and hopefulness into many a sick room. He was quick in decision, keen to judge, and swift to act, while his natural generosity and kindness of heart made him beloved by all with whom he was associated either as churchman, friend or physician. His useful and beautifully blameless life ended in a painful illness that tried to the utmost his cheerful disposition; but in his suffering, he lost none of those qualities that made him so beloved, and his loss was keenly felt for a long time. Even now one hears remarks of affectionate remembrance by those who were privileged to know him.

Doubtless it is to such strong members of the profession, that Hahnemann owed a very great deal of the rapid success of his new found faith. Both father and son not only practiced the new medical theory, but they endeavored to prove to others its intrinsic value. They continued the practice of Homoeopathy though they were subjected to much opposition and no little tormenting banter. To such a line of ancestors Bushrod Washington James owed the traits so prominent in his character.

Dr. David James married Amanda Worthington, the niece of Dr. Worthington with whom he commenced the practice of his profession. Owing to the fact that the doctor was a Methodist, and she a Hicksite Friend and that they were married by a Methodist minister, the young wife was dropped from the membership of Quakers by marrying out of meeting. Nevertheless the union was a happy one.

CHAPTER II.

BUSHROD WASHINGTON JAMES, the second child and eldest son of David and Amanda James, was born August 25, 1836, in the beautiful suburb of Somerton, which was, later on, incorporated in the city of Philadelphia.

His earlier education was in charge of private teachers. The first real experience of school life began at an old Friends' school taught by Miss Walton, a severe but highly educated lady. His next teacher was an elderly Scotchman, a graduate of Edinburgh University, under whose care he received not only an excellent English education, but a thorough knowledge of Latin. At this period of his life his education was interfered with by two accidents, which caused him to lose two years of study. Notwithstanding, at the age of fourteen his father entered him as a scholar in the Weccacoe Grammar school. At the end of five months he successfully passed the examinations and became a pupil of the Philadelphia Central High School, of which Prof. John S. Hart, L. L. D., the famous English scholar, was principal. It is interesting to note that another member of Dr. James's class was D. Ridgway Knight, the famous artist now living in France. At Bushrod's graduation his ability and application were rewarded by his receiving the degree of B. A., and later that of M. A., having completed the full classical course of that institution.

During his earlier years Bushrod James was an almost constant companion of his father. He went with him on his professional visits, and during these times talked earnestly about the profession of his father. Both father and grandfather were amused at the youthful earnestness and apt questions of this mere boy. But both became deeply interested at the tenacity of the young student, as we may call him. At this time he displayed a rather peevish temper, caused, no doubt, by close application to study, and an ardent desire to make up for the two lost years of his school life. Those two years were not really lost however, for during that period, having time for more attention to his father's profession, he developed a strong

liking for the profession of his relatives. Aided by his father and having inherited a natural aptitude for the medical profession, he was graduated with honors from the Homoeopathic Medical College of Pennsylvania in 1857, with the degrees of M. D., and H. M. D.

There has been some question why Bushrod should not have entered the University of Pennsylvania, as did his brother John Edwin, also a famous physician, but it is no mystery. As he was his father's associate, and had an excellent library at his command, and with two such instructors from youth as his father and grandfather were, it is no wonder that he entered the Homoeopathic Medical College. In order to perfect himself in surgery Dr. James, as we may now speak of him, took an advanced course under the tuition of the renowned surgeon Dr. D. Hayes Agnew, at the Philadelphia School of Anatomy and Surgery.

Thus at the age of twenty-one we find Bushrod W. James, M. D., located at Nineteenth and Wallace streets; having yielded to the desire of both mother and sister not to grow up with a western city. Immediately after graduating he was placed in charge of the Dispensary Department of the College. He was also elected attending physician in the Northern Home for Friendless Children. Although his increasing clientele made it a tax upon his time and energy he held the position for seven years. It was in this institution that he attained his first success in diseases of the eye. Two epidemics of Ophthalmia gave him five hundred cases, and it was a great source of satisfaction to him to know that not one of these cases resulted in blindness, a result truly remarkable especially among the class of children likely to inhabit such a home.

To secure for his son Bushrod every possible advantage, Dr. David James was careful that his instructors were men of great strength of character as well as classical attainments. Thus whatever education he received, whether classical or medical, was of the best. Under such care he naturally acquired purity of speech, and quickness and accuracy of reasoning. These with a remarkably retentive memory, and study of only the best in literature gave him a good foundation for writing. Is it any wonder that amid such surroundings, advantages, and an inherited talent Dr. James should have acquired so high a position in his profession?

CHAPTER III.

THIS nature was always impressionable. When only seventeen, his great desire to visit Niagara was gratified. When he first saw it, he was simply overwhelmed by its stupendous majesty. After looking on it for some time with reverent awe, when wandering over one of the smaller islands his foot slipped and it was only Providence that saved him from being hurled into the mass of seething waters below. Leaning against a railing he gazed with deep emotion into the terrible depths from which he had been saved. Many times after he looked upon Niagara, but never without a creepy feeling brought on by the remembrance of his first visit. Notwithstanding this experience and narrow escape from drowning, and of being on a vessel crippled by a frightful storm, Dr. James enjoyed to the fullest extent the beauties and grandeur of the ocean.

He possessed a great longing for travel. He once said that his desire to see Rome the Eternal City, was so great, that he made up his mind to "save it as a dessert" to his first trip to Europe. He did so. Then having brought his visit to Rome in the unhealthy season, he contracted the Roman fever, and devoutly wished there had been no Rome.

For many years, except for the usual summer vacation, Dr. James made no extended tour, being limited to Niagara, Long Branch, Cape May, Atlantic City, and other coast resorts within reasonable distance from his home. The opportunity to see the world in general opened for him when he was called upon to go as a delegate of the American Institute of Homoeopathy, of which he was a member, to the French Homoeopathic Medical Congress, which met in Paris in 1867. This gave him a glimpse of the old world, for after attending the meetings he made as much of his time as possible by touring through England and France. His great thirst for travel was largely gratified by these historic sights. But he was not yet ready to devote his spare time to trans-Atlantic travel, for he looked upon the, to him, unexplored wonders of his own country as the field

for his first journeys. His next long vacation was spent in visiting California, and the wild and only just fully explored Yosemite Valley. The result of this last trip was a beautifully illustrated lecture, which was delivered before delighted and enthusiastic audiences. The description then given by the young physician showed that he had considerable talent for vividly describing nature. Desiring to see as much on his trips as possible, as his time was precious, he invariably went by one route and returned by another, thus accomplishing much in a short time.

Another call to visit Europe came in 1881, when he attended the International Homoeopathic Convention and World's Homoeopathic Medical Congress held in London. After accomplishing his professional duties as one of the Congress, he arranged to make a much more extended tour than he had on his previous visit in '67. He now visited Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Turkey, Egypt and the Holy Land, besides making trips to Italy and Switzerland. In 1887, he again attended the Congress held at Basle, Switzerland, at which he read a paper which was received with decided approval. At this time he made a visit to the glaciers which make the Alps one of the wonders of the world. He again visited Paris, London, and other large cities of Europe.

Being appointed to prepare a paper for the World's Congress, he again went to London in 1896. During this visit he spent much time searching through the haunts made delightful and familiar to the English reading world by the writings of Charles Dickens. At this time he traveled through Wales, and made exhaustive searches for traces of his Welsh ancestors. He found unmistakable traces of them in Radnorshire. This proved beyond doubt that the name of Radnor, Pa., was bestowed by his great-great-grandfather when he took possession of his property under the title from William Penn.

Between his visits to the other Continent he made several tours on this. The most important of these was the tour of the Rocky Mountain region, including Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Dakota, and also Alaska. Possessing the great art of being able to leave his cares at home, he devoted himself solely to the pleasures at hand. He made notes of his travels, which later on were embodied in lectures, essays, and a book on "Climates and Health Resorts." Thus gradually he extended

his tours all over this country and became perfectly familiar with the east, west, north and south. Dr. James said that the pictures of these places he visited were so indelibly printed on his mind, that like Wordsworth's Daffodils—

“They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.”

While on a visit to Italy it was his good fortune to see Vesuvius in a state of activity. He climbed this famous volcano, at that time, and his clothes were burnt in spots, and his hat riddled as with shot by the falling cinders. The sight was most awe-inspiring and imposing. He climbed through biting cold to the very top of Etna, and from its lofty peak saw the sun rise from the beautiful blue sea beneath. He visited points in Palestine, rarely seen by tourists, tasted the water from the Dead Sea, and bathed in that holy stream the Jordan. During the absence of the Sultan he visited, in spite of all danger, the Palace of the Sultan, and from its parapets gazed into the Bosphorus into which the body of many a favorite beauty of the Harem has been flung. Thus in a few hours he walked the roads made holy by the feet of the Redeemer of the world, and trod the walks of one of the noble homes of the head of the Moslem nation. Still he found evil triumphant in glittering wealth, and the good but holding a humble place among the haunts of men.

Beautiful, scintillating Paris held him spell-bound with its art, its splendor, and effervescent merriment; while London, stolid, even in its most genial mood, attracted him with its strength, its grandeur, and its ancient dignity. In both he gazed below the surface and saw the wretchedness and vice that as yet the New World has never known.

In Sweden he sat upon a towering slope and watched the declining sun wake into another day without waiting to rest, the only change from night to morning being a weird quivering half light in which all things were distinctly visible. There was a faint chill in the air, a strange uprising of the distant sea, and then the sun reappeared with new light and warmth. It is no wonder that there are legends and fairy tales innumerable in this mysterious “Land of the Midnight Sun.” All the changes of nature, the beasts and birds of the forest, those of the sea, and the monuments to and of man's ingenuity were to him books to be studied thoroughly.

Meet this traveler as your physician, his trained professional eye read your case as quickly as his ear caught your complaint. He prescribed and you had unbounded faith in the power of his medicine to cure your ills. But if you chanced to mention Alaska, Rome, or some other place, patients were for the time forgotten, and he became a fellow-traveler with you over these delightful regions. All at once his manner would become reserved and you would know you were dismissed,—not because he was tired talking, but because he remembered waiting patients and professional duties. Ten chances to one, on your next visit, he would commence talking at the place where he left off, for these “snatches of recalled travels” as he called them were a great pleasure to the busy doctor as well as to his patients. These travels meant much to him besides the love of travel, and he recommended wisely when he ordered as he did frequently, his patients to take a trip to a certain place as a veritable tonic.

CHAPTER IV.

PERHAPS one of the most prominent traits possessed by Dr. James was his keen observation, which when a boy, led him to evince a sometimes peculiar curiosity. He wished to know the cause which led to every effect. This trait was cultivated by his father, grandfather, and well selected preceptors, and made him a man whose judgment was trusted and whose word was relied upon without question. Professionally he soon won a reputation seldom obtained by anyone so early in life.

Another characteristic was to act quickly. This trait led him to arrive at conclusions with rapidity at the same time that his practical knowledge was guiding his decision. Thus his diagnosis was quick and correct. Other very noticeable features of this physician were the winning gentleness of his manner to his patients, and his firm self-confidence. These were traits that made themselves felt with his patients whether little children or strong men, for all were of one opinion that they felt better after his visits. There is no doubt that education and cultivation had done much to make this last trait so, but nature must be credited for the innate kindness of heart, the pleasant voice and friendly smile that always took courage and cheer into the sickroom, the home of the chronic invalid, or the hospital, where bright eyes watched eagerly for his coming. His delight was to treat poor little children from whom he could not expect anything beyond gratitude and affection. These he won in full measure from hundreds of little ones to whom he brought health and relief from suffering. Nurses have remarked that restlessness and discontent vanished for awhile after he came in.

It was a fact well known by all who had dealings with the doctor, that he had a strong tendency toward order and promptness in performing duties. His faculty for attention to details was only equalled by his wish to have them performed at once. This gave him a somewhat nervous and sometimes irritable manner. But the moment he had given offence or required

too much, his true kindness asserted itself and he was willing to excuse delay.

Always a student, he found subject for study, not only in the human frame suffering from disease, but in the condition of affairs in his city or elsewhere. He was not a politician in the usual sense of the word, yet he studied the condition of affairs and was keenly alive to their betterment. Conservative to a degree, yet he fully advocated the right of women to vote. In his little book, "The Dawn of a New Era," he discussed the policies of the day, and plainly showed the beneficent influence that would follow the advent of women in politics. This little book met with great success and today should prove of great value to the community at large.

Ambition was another strong point in Dr. James's character. In whatever he attempted he wished to excel. To the matter in hand he bent all his energies and let no fact escape him. This trait was brought to bear in his treatment of homeless orphans as well as in his treatment of the loved children of rich households. No matter who the patient, what the disease, each obtained the benefit of his skill and experience.

In one of his books he advises physicians to be friends as well as doctors to their patients—for by so doing they may trace not only the cause for some phases of disease, but give pleasure and help where medicine can not reach. He was warm-hearted to a marked degree, and was never too busy to think of another's comfort. Often when many patients were still waiting their turn in the reception room, and the doctor's carriage stood outside, he would send some home in it to save them a walk in the rain or cold. How keen an interest he took in the welfare of others, their pleasures or sorrows all being of interest to him, and he never refused aid when it was in his power to bestow it. His patients found in him a warm-hearted friend. More than once has he aided someone on his path to success and derived great pleasure in witnessing his achievements.

Perhaps the most beautiful of all his characteristics was his great love for little children. The more pitiful and hopeless the case was, the more faithfully did he lend his aid for its relief. He gloried in restoring weaklings to strength, and in the success of curing eyes that were inflamed and dreadful to look upon, until they became clear with no disease to spoil their innocent

childish beauty. Often their smiling gratitude was his only pay and gladly he received and enjoyed it.

Rather than experiment upon his patients, he again and again tried drugs upon his own system before giving them to anyone. To this and to his peculiar powers as a professional, he attributed much of his success in raising the sick, and healing the injured. Extremely gentle in setting broken bones, he nevertheless regretted any pain that must of course be borne by the sufferers and was most patient and sympathetic with them.

Notwithstanding the many sorrows that shadowed his life Dr. James had a cheerful disposition. In times even of deepest depression and anxiety, the presence of a truly jovial friend would cause his brow to clear and his laugh to ring out in almost boyish merriment. Fond of good jokes he was always ready to exchange them with his friends and laugh heartily over them.

Dr. James showed his Quaker ancestry very strongly in his aversion to warfare. His great desire was to have perpetual peace overreach the whole earth. As he ministered to the wounded and dying on the fields of battle, his heart was sore with sorrow for those brave defenders of our nation's flag. So vivid was the memory of those awful days that he never recalled them without an expression of horror. Time and again he gave evidence of his abhorrence of bloodshed. Even political battles, in which no blood was spilled, were to him not only unnecessary but decidedly detrimental to the national character. At one time when party contention seemed destined to destroy public harmony he wrote a telling little article called, "Let Us Reconcile," which was published in several daily papers and read with great approval. This was followed by "A Song of Hope," which was set to music by Professor John Sweeny, who thought the song very beautiful.

The exclusion of the Chinese annoyed him very much, as it appeared to him to be a menace to the peaceful relations existing between the two great nations. He would permit their immigration, and trust to the example set by a Christian people to win them from idolatry. The purity of his own life actually seemed to blind him to the consequences of permitting such an element to contaminate our already perverted moral status. He saw the low ebb to which the public character had fallen and greatly desired to see it raised to a higher plane. In truth, if his ideas of reform were adopted and promulgated by a few as

firmly fearless as himself, there could be no guess as to the success of such noble work.

Doctor James's love of order showed itself in great as in small matters. Although carried to such a degree as to be somewhat trying it was of particular advantage to his patients. A carefully kept record of each visit of a patient, the symptoms, and remedies prescribed, was on file in the doctor's office. Thus if necessary the constitution of any of his patients from the first visit to him could be traced in a few minutes. The value of such an arrangement is too plain to need an explanation. Dr. James not only required this systematic arrangement from others, but was systematic himself to a remarkable degree. This clearly explains how he was enabled to accomplish so much. In response to a remark as to how he found time to do so many things, he said that he never wasted time. Even while going from one patient to another he either wrote notes, later to be used in his books, or read. This taking care of the minutes enabled the doctor to accomplish as much as he did.

It has been said by many that Dr. James was so dignified that people stood rather in awe of him. Be this as it may, those who were fortunate in knowing him well, can testify to his good nature and amiability. Little children were naturally attracted to him on account of his pleasant voice and manner. There were few, if any, children who did not respond to his genial manner and cheerfully permit him to examine them.

All through his life Dr. James was always studying. Everything he saw had some great meaning to him. Nor was it alone the important points that impressed him. The sense of humor was strong in him. Thus the grandeur of seeing a thunder storm come up, while at the seashore, did not blind him to the humor of the situation. The great effort made by some to keep up their dignified manner, while at the same time fleeing in a most undignified way in their efforts to seek a place of shelter, was also a source of character study to him.

CHAPTER V.

DR. James's success as a physician and ability as a writer caused him to write the results of his experience for journals, magazines and societies. His classical education, observation, and experience served not only to make his articles acceptable but they were eagerly sought for by many who were attracted by their concise instructiveness. For seventeen years he was Editor of the surgical department of the "American Observer," of Detroit, Michigan, and he continued five years longer with that journal as Editor of the Department of Sanitary Science. For a number of years he was business manager of "The Hahnemannian," a leading Homoeopathic medical journal, afterwards he was part owner, business manager, and editor, until his professional duties forced him to give this up in 1887.

Inclination to write was not confined alone to professional subjects. In his numerous and extensive travels, he made notes, and thus acquired material which, later on, he embodied in essays and lectures. These lectures he willingly delivered either for his friends or for charity. They embraced visits to California, the Yosemite Valley, Alaska, Mexico, Colorado, Yellowstone Park, and other places of equal interest. His extensive travels and keen observation led him to prepare a valuable work on American Health Resorts and Climates, which, having gone through one edition, was already revised for the second when his death occurred. Its value as a standard authority on the subject has been well recognized. Having by study and touring made a very close acquaintance with Alaska and its people, he published the myths and legends of that land in a book of poems called "Alaskana." It passed through three editions. Later on Dr. James wrote of the conditions and prospects of that country in a book entitled "Alaska, Its Neglected Past and Brilliant Future."

When the Civil War was in progress, the news of the terrible battles caused the doctor to leave his patients and offer his services as volunteer surgeon at the front. His offer was accepted

and he went at once to the scene of activity. Although he had sent a willing representative to the front, and had agreed to render professional services to any of his patients who enlisted in the army, he knew surgeons were needed, and hence his offer.

He worked unceasingly on the battlefield of Antietam, and remained until completely exhausted and compelled to return home. Again, when the news of the terrible battle of Gettysburg reached this city, Dr. James, fully realizing from past experience the great need of surgeons at the front, went as quickly as possible to the scene. Both here and at Antietam he took quantities of hospital and sanitary stores with him. Some years after he wrote sketches of the battles in both prose and poetry and combined them with others on historical events in our country in a volume entitled "Echoes of Battles." In the preface to the latter he said, "I believe that the more fully we realize at what fearful cost the independence of the United States, and the preservation of the whole Union were attained, the more surely the American people will always protect the country from a recurrence of distrust and rebellion, and I sincerely hope that no battle cry will ever again resound in our Union, and that no misunderstanding will ever arise which a peaceful interchange of opinions may not rectify."

With what vigor he describes battle scenes may be judged by the following:

"Oh! the cries of the crushed were fearful:
But the silence was worse by far,
For each dead one would cause a heart break,
Each absent would leave a scar!
Blood wet was the field of carnage,
Tear wet would be many a face,
When the morrow had told the story
Of this terrible battle place!"

His novel, "A Political Freshman," was quite a new field of literature for the doctor to enter. But that he did it successfully is attested to by the fact that copies of it are found in all libraries and those of private families throughout the country. His subject was so daring that he laughingly remarked that he could not find a publisher willing to risk its publication, so had to publish it himself. Many miscellaneous poems, essays, papers on important medical subjects, and lectures show an enormous amount of work. This seems remarkable when it is a well

known fact that he did not allow his literary work to interfere with his professional duties, ample proof that he was never idle a moment. Thus we find him a voluminous writer, a conscientious instructor, and an eminent physician, respected and honored not only in his own school, but in the opposing school also, among whose members he had warm and lasting friendships.

In addition to his degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Medicine, the honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him by a university in Tennessee in recognition of his valuable service rendered to the profession by his medical writings. This degree was conferred upon him but a few years before his death and it meant much to him to know that the efforts and devotion of a lifetime were so fittingly recognized.

CHAPTER VI.

IN the chapter on Dr. James's school life, was mentioned the fact that his graduation as a physician occurred in 1857.

In that year a faithfully educated Homoeopath entered the arena. Then came character to support education. For, as to-day, Homoeopathy is still surrounded by enemies, one can judge that forty years ago the opposition was sufficiently strong to seriously annoy an older, let alone a young physician.

It was even predicted by some that he would not always remain staunch to the doctrine in which he was such a firm believer and which they thought was already trembling toward its downfall. That he remained firm to the doctrine of Hahnemann even his least friendly associate in the profession would affirm. An experimentalist he never was, even from the first case that came under his care until his death. His rule from the commencement was to diagnose most carefully, and then to use the proper remedy, with whose action upon the system he was perfectly familiar. Always a student, his remedies were thoroughly tested before he tried them on his patients. He always knew exactly what he was doing, and with him there was no such thing as prescribing experimentally. As before noted, he was intrusted with the medical care of the inmates of the Northern Home for Friendless Children. Dr. James did not look upon this as a great field for experiment. He toiled as earnestly to restore health to the little waifs as he did to his more fortunate patients. By so doing he was, unconsciously, building a firm, solid foundation for his profession.

While in charge of this institution a disease of the eye, known as ophthalmia, became epidemic. He followed the disease with great care and had the extreme satisfaction of curing in that Home alone, five hundred cases in the two or three years that it raged as an epidemic. Not one patient in his charge lost his sight; a record considered by all in the profession as truly remarkable. Not alone were the care and intelligence strongly marked in his cases, but also the integrity of the man, who worked with the same unbounded determination among those

children to whom he could look for neither fame nor fortune. This integrity was the keynote of his character in every case. He did what he, an educated and experienced Homoeopath, should. He knew the right and stood by it, and never once swerved from the teachings of its founder. So his companions in the profession found him loyal to the core, and the school must stand firmer for the years of skill not only of this great physician but of others of the same belief.

That his opinion was favorably regarded, is proved by the long list of his professional writings, which were not only accepted and published but were in many instances used as text books to prove the truth of the doctrines of Hahnemann. For a number of years his articles appeared in all the prominent professional literature. As a member of the American Institute of Homoeopathy, he held a prominent position, and was President of the association for a time. He was also President of the Pennsylvania State Medical Society, and was called upon from time to time to write for the medical societies of other states. For several years Dr. James was Professor of Physiology and Climatology and Sanitary Science in the Women's Department of the University of the State of New York. He held the position of President of Hahnemann Club of Philadelphia; and of the Children's Homoeopathic Hospital of which he was one of the most active founders. He was an honorary member of the New York State Medical Society and of the British Homoeopathic Medical Society of England. An active member of the World's Congress of Homoeopathic Physicians, an institution that he was influential in founding during the Centennial held in Philadelphia, 1876, he attended its meetings in Europe as well as in his own country, and his papers always met with appreciation and success.

As a consulting physician he had an enviable reputation both in private practice and in the Hahnemann Hospital, the Children's Homoeopathic Hospital, and other prominent institutions. From the day of his graduation, this thorough Homoeopath had risen step by step until at the close of his career he had reached the top round of the ladder, and could look back with a pardonable pride at a career unsullied by a single fall from the principles in which he had been instructed, and to which his ever widening experience was constantly adding irrefutable proofs, as he won fame and honor in their practice. He had

many friends among the still dominant school who testified to his ability as a successful physician, and who willingly grasped his hand in fraternal friendship, though they were not yet willing to accept the doctrines to which he was such a strong adherent.

Dr. James often recounted endless amusing episodes that occurred in his practice,—one being especially so, it does not seem out of place to relate it here. Early one morning he found a lady and her maid, in his reception room, in great distress. The latter said she had swallowed her set of false teeth. Consequently she was suffering great pain. On examining her mouth he found that the plate must have been two by two and a half inches, an object entirely too large to slip down any human throat. This he stated. But the poor girl was positive that she had a severe pain at the lower end of the stomach, in fact she could feel the hard substance that was causing the trouble. After many suggestions that she might have absentmindedly put them in some unusual place, the doctor told her to go home and make one more thorough search and then return. This she did. The doctor then went on with his office work, wondering what to do in case she failed to find the missing teeth. The sufferer was determined on an operation, so afraid was she of death, while the doctor knew she had never swallowed them. Suddenly in she walked, her face beaming with happiness. "I have found them, Doctor." "Did you vomit them up?" he asked soberly. At this she blushed and said, "No, no, I just shook the blanket and out they tumbled on the floor."

All knew Dr. James's aversion to dogs, which was caused no doubt by the fact that he was badly bitten when quite a boy. To protect himself he always carried a heavy cane. But one evening his fear gave rise to a good laugh when an Irishman who saw him getting out of the way of a suspicious looking object, laughingly exclaimed, "Its a quare place where they let the dogs go loose and tie the stones!"

CHAPTER VII.

A FEW pages of notes left by Dr. James so well explain how he decided upon his profession that they are reproduced here:—

“It is doubtful if one ever arrives at a sudden conclusion regarding any important event in his life. Even to his inmost consciousness he may appear to do so, but somewhere in the course of years he has received a first impression upon which his ultimate decision has been founded. An infant’s brain, with all its innocent uncomprehension, is permanently influenced by its environments, though in subsequent years they be greatly altered. Involuntarily the tiny convolutions accept impressions as the invisible film upon the photographer’s plate receives and retains the pictures that are focused upon it. At first comes the bright daguerreotype with its faithful similitude clear and plain. It may be but a line of sunlight in which iridescent particles float illusively and tempt the baby hands to grasp and grasp again, only to find disappointment in every trial. But futile as the efforts appear, some of those microscopic atoms cling to the small, moist palms, perhaps, alas, to bring the little one disease and suffering. So that first bright ray of light remains impressed upon the memory forming a nucleus from which springs his comprehension of daylight and then of the contrast between day and night. Like the evanescent daguerreotype, the picture of that first sunbeam will fade until it becomes less than a memory, but the impressionable brain has received an impetus to the intellect that thereafter grows and develops with marvelous rapidity. In this, then, is the question answered referring to my selecting the medical profession.

“I was reared to it, though without positive intentions. My father was honest in his permission that I should choose for myself the career which I intended to follow. But he had settled the matter irrevocably for me long before I had any thought about it. Perhaps it was nothing but parental fondness that made me his companion in many a round of visits; perhaps it

was to give me pleasure, or more probable still, I was taken in the hope that the air, while driving through the country and among the villages, would entertain and strengthen me while convalescing after the serious illness which apparently deprived me of two years of valuable scholastic time. But to-day I doubt if there was any actual loss to my intellect in that period. True the regular routine of school life was interrupted, but at every turn I was becoming more deeply imbued with the desire to emulate my father and grandfather in their profession. I was literally fed upon Homoeopathy because it was at that time still young in America, and these two conscientious students were tireless in discussions upon its progress and its future grand success. I heard of the controversies regarding the "small dose," and time after time its success was joyfully announced in my hearing. Not yet in actual training, I was being firmly grounded in the school; my education going on consistently and my impressions taken from incontrovertible facts from lips that I knew would not detract the smallest iota from the truth, the proof of which they were daily and hourly searching for with tireless zeal. Before my matriculation as a medical student I had received incalculable aid, perhaps the greatest being the unalterable conviction that I was treading the right path toward ministering to suffering humanity. My collegiate course, then, was simply the continuation of a deeply founded education and I would have been less than faithful if I had not followed it through conscientiously and carefully. Thus, with Homoeopathy inculcated until it became a part of myself, studied honestly and at last understood as clearly as it is possible for limited human intellect to comprehend, I started into the world one of a few who had never stepped aside from the faithful and almost inspired teaching of Hahnemann."

CHAPTER VIII.

IN 1894 Dr. James, having concluded to thoroughly investigate his right to become a member of the Sons of the Revolution of Pennsylvania, made a visit to Pottsgrove Township, Montgomery Co., Pennsylvania. He first went to Pottstown, a quaint little city living much to itself though so closely connected by railroad and business operations with the larger adjacent cities. Having made a tour of this town in years gone by, he found nothing new to interest him. He then took a train for Colebrookdale, the Colonial estate and residence of the Potts family. At this place nearly all the important figures in this part of the doctor's ancestry were born, and he was curious to see the neighborhood. He stopped at Glasgow and paid a visit to a friend named Richard Baily, or Bailey, whose wife, Catinka Myhlertz, he had known previous to her marriage.

Mr. Baily took a great interest in the doctor's plans to investigate his family history, and after showing him through his own foundry and rolling mill, and making him acquainted with the summer residence of Comly Shoemaker, another descendant of the early Quaker settlers, he took the doctor to the spot upon which the old house of Colonel Thomas Potts, Dr. James' great grandfather, once stood. Having made a tour of Glasgow, Dr. James took a carriage and drove up Manatawny Creek, upon which the town is built. He continued along this creek for about three miles to the residence of an aunt. But he found the house closed and the family away. The house is an old-fashioned mansion, built of stone quarried from the neighboring hills. He then drove slowly onward and came to old Pine Forge, once busy with raging fires and thronged with brawny, strong-limbed workmen. The forge stands a short distance from the house on the creek, but it is now entirely forsaken, except that it serves as a refuge for old hay wagons, dilapidated farm vehicles and long-ago antiquated machinery, parts of which lie rusting in confused heaps. The roof, once covered with shingles, was nearly all hidden under a rich growth of vel-

vety moss. Here and there a solitary weather-beaten shingle peeped up from its luxuriant green covering. The window frames were nearly all demolished, the panes of glass broken and the fragments glittered here and there among the rubbish of the still firm walls. A few, great, spotted buttonwood trees stood guard over the forsaken building.

In striking contrast to this sorrowful picture, a fine new grist mill hummed busily as the foaming waters dashed against and over the great wheel, and tumbled over its paddles in boisterous haste. With a mingling of regret and admiration changing the expression of his features as thoughts came and went, the descendant of the men who once, and for ages, made this locality famous, looked at the beautiful surrounding country, the silent forge and the bustling mill. The contrast between the productions of the two buildings was not greater than their appearance. The old forge once turned out great bars of iron amid smoke, black dust, and flashing sparks. The new one was white with the dust of grains, and the drops of water sparkled as brightly as the roaring fire. Business, all of it, and all of it brought gold to the owner's coffers.

He, the man whose name is famous through still another course of human intelligence, stood long, and his mind went back to the times when the forge turned iron into gold to help his Revolutionary ancestors to fight the cause of freedom. Even on the spot upon which he stood there may have been bitter contention between the enemies of liberty and the brave men who were willing to fight and, if need be, die for that inestimable blessing they had won. The spectator's heart swelled at the thought that more than one of his ancestry had risked fortune and life in that long and well-fought struggle. One had given time, talent, and experience as a physician among the poor, distressed and half-starved soldiers, whose pitiable condition at once aroused the pity of Steuben and others who came to their assistance. Involuntarily he straightened himself and raised his head higher when he thought of the surprise that awaited them when Washington called upon these patriots to rise once more against the enemy. Bleeding feet and emaciated bodies were so full of patriotic fire that they were transformed. It was a heroic and unconquerable host that left Valley Forge and marched to victory. Dr. James said he could almost hear the shouts of joy that greeted their return. With-

out doubt Dr. James could be excused for feeling elated when he thought that he had followed the footsteps of his great-grand-uncle, Johnathan Potts, M. D., when he toiled to repair the ravages of war among the soldiers who suffered more than death on the battlefields of Antietam and Gettysburg. If a slight doubt as to his eligibility to become a member of the society mentioned, had lingered in his mind, it was swept away. For he knew the patriotism, which was a conspicuous part of his nature, came down through a direct channel from his great-grandfather Colonel Thomas Potts, the friend and trusted officer of Washington, the entertainer of the wife of the great Commander-in-chief, who whenever she could, would come to share the hospitality that flowed without stint in the Potts mansion. One cannot help but wonder if every one bears such clear credentials to the right of membership in the society as did Bushrod Washington James.

CHAPTER IX.

THOMAS POTTS, called Junior, because he was named for an uncle of the same name, was the son of John Potts and was born in Wales in 1630. The family moved to Pennsylvania when he was quite young. Although from Wales, they became members of the German colony which settled Germantown. When about nineteen years of age he married Martha Keurlis, daughter of Peter Keurlis, one of the first large land holders in Philadelphia. The marriage took place August 20, 1699. Some little confusion surrounds this history because in one or two places the name Keurlis was spelled Courlin. Positive proof has been found however, that they were one and the same name. Mistakes of that kind were of common occurrence in those days, owing to the change taking place in the blending of the German and English languages.

Thomas Potts spoke the German language as fluently as he did his own tongue. From the first he displayed great business talent, buying and selling real estate, before he reached his majority. In 1702 he was appointed sheriff of the Corporation of Germantown. He was then but little over twenty-two years of age. His election was no doubt due to the fact that he was perfectly familiar with both the German and English languages, a very essential point in a colony composed of people of both nationalities. Perhaps the fact that he was connected with one of the best families in the town also had some effect on his selection to the post.

In 1716, after the death of Martha Potts, her husband left Germantown for the iron region of Manatawny, from which iron was sent to England as early as 1717. In 1718, Thomas Potts re-married. His second wife was Magdalen Robeson, whose grand-father, Israel Robeson, was one of the early Swedish settlers in New Jersey; and was one of William Penn's counselors. Thomas Potts by both marriages thus connected himself with two very important colonial families. This with his great business abilities made him a conspicuous character. He was associated in the iron business with Thomas Rutter. At the death of Mr. Rutter, Thomas Potts purchased much land from

the heirs. On the land thus acquired, he built the Potts homestead, called Popodickon. The children of the second wife of Thomas Potts and their descendants for years afterwards lived in this old Colonial mansion, as all residences of any pretension were then called. Thomas Potts at the same time became the chief owner of the iron works. In 1732 when Benjamin Franklin organized the Philadelphia Library Company, Thomas Potts became one of the first subscribers. In 1752 Thomas Potts died. His sons continued the iron business.

John Potts, the son of Thomas and his first wife Martha, was the founder of the town called Pottstown. There are records showing that he purchased nine hundred and forty nine acres of land and laid a town out after the fashion of Germantown. The stone buildings erected for himself and sons still stand, though they have been altered from time to time by the occupants. The family mansion occupied a fine situation, slightly westward from the town. At that time this handsome stone mansion was one of the most attractive features of the town. It still stands a mute but eloquent monument to the thrift and enterprise of the new residents of Pennsylvania. John Potts was a justice, an honored member of society, an intimate friend of Franklin. He was also one of the most successful and wealthy men of his times. John Potts sided with the Tories. This fact caused a coolness with the rest of the family, for after the Declaration of Peace he did not take up his former life at Pottstown, but went west where he died on June 6, 1768.

Among the iron forges founded by this family, the one from which Valley Forge received its name came into the possession of Isaac, the seventh son of John Potts, by purchase, it having been willed to his brothers Samuel and John. It was the house of Isaac Potts, which is still standing, which was Martha Washington's home during her visits to General George Washington, while the American army was quartered at Valley Forge during the dreadful winter of 1777-1778. The General refused the hospitality, preferring to share the same lot that his faithful men were enduring with such fortitude. Some of the events of this trying season are graphically described by Dr. James in his *Echoes of Battles*.

Johnathan Potts was a physician of considerable note, but died at the early age of thirty-six. John, the third son of John Potts, was highly educated. He practiced law and conducted an iron furnace in connection with his brother Samue. But

when he thought that the Cause of Independence was lost, he turned traitor, and his property was attached. His brother Johnathan bought the greater part of the estate.

Thomas, the eldest son, is the one most closely connected with this sketch. He was born in the mansion Popodickon, on May 29, 1735. When quite young he devoted himself to the iron business. He was the first of the family to establish a regular store for the sale of the output of the mines and forges of his native district. In 1757 he married his cousin Anna Nutt, who by the death of her father and grand-father became heir to a large estate. The estate included forges established by them and bearing the name of Samuel Nutt. Later Thomas Potts bought from his mother-in-law, Rebecca (Savage) and her second husband Robert Grace, all their interests in the iron district named Coventry. Finding that his business warranted the extravagance, as it was then considered, of a city residence during the winter months, he made his home on Front Street, Philadelphia. This neighborhood was at that time a very fashionable part of the town. Together with prominent business capacities, Thomas Potts was an educated gentleman, interested in all important projects of that time. He was one of the original members of the American Philosophical Society, which was established in 1758, with Benjamin Franklin as its president.

Thomas Potts took possession of the house at Pottsgrove, and during the Revolutionary War he lived in it. It is a well known fact that General Washington made so many visits to the place, that it became known by the name of Washington's Headquarters. Many important letters were sent from this old mansion and it is positively known that at least one important meeting of the Commander-in-chief and his staff was held in its large rooms. The leaning toward the Royalists as shown by his brother John Potts was in no manner shared by Thomas. Upon the breaking out of hostilities, Thomas joined with the side of the patriots. He belonged to the Assembly of Philadelphia in 1775, and took an active part in every enterprise for the safety of his country. In 1776 he was appointed a captain in one of the Continental regiments. Seeing the great need of soldiers, he recruited a battalion, armed and equipped it at his own expense. For this act of loyalty Congress commissioned him as Colonel.

Colonel Thomas Potts was a member from Philadelphia to the Convention which met in the old State House on July 6, 1776. The object of this Convention was to form a new government for the now united Colonies. All through these stirring times Thomas Potts and his family aided the great cause of liberty in every way possible. And like many others, these patriots sought neither pension nor office as a return for the great sums of money and the care thus spent. Colonel Potts died in Philadelphia on March 22, 1785.

Many claims have been set forth as to the discovery of the great veins of anthracite coal, but the greatest claim seems to be in favor of Thomas Potts as the discoverer. After the close of the Revolution Thomas Potts, while hunting in the Tuscarora Mountains, stopped beside Norwegian Creek, to get a drink of its cool waters. While leaning over he noticed at the bottom a number of very black stones. He took one, examined it and decided that it was coal. He took some home and tried it in the forge; and thus found it to be real coal, although of a different quality from the English product. Thomas Potts and seven other men located the coal beds, purchased the land and commenced operations. This is a mere outline of the early history of the commencement of an industry which now supplies the greater part of the coal used in the country.

Henrietta, the youngest daughter of this family, married Isaac James of Radnor, Chester Co., on March 26, 1801. Isaac James took charge of his father's farm lands, because of the latter's old age. Later on he gave up farming and studied medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, in the New York University and later on in Columbia College, New York, from which he received the degree of medical doctor. About 1820 he took his family to Trenton where he practiced medicine for some time. He afterwards moved to Philadelphia and practiced medicine for a few years and then returned to the homestead at Radnor. His wife died in April 1832. He then sold the family estate, went to reside in Bucks County, and here married a second time. The second wife was Huldah Wetherill.

This chapter shows the relation existing between the Potts family and the James family. Thus it is readily seen how Dr. Bushrod Washington James came to be named after Bushrod Washington, brother of General George Washington, an intimate friend of the Potts family.

CHAPTER X.

THE same spirit which led Dr. James to visit the homes of his ancestors on the side of the Potts family, led him to visit Wales in pursuit of the history of the James family.

Here he followed every clue that came to his notice, and was rewarded with ample proof that his ancestor, David James, did live in both Glascum and Llandegley. In documents which he read here, he discovered various records pertaining to several members of the James family. He went to old Radnor, and found a quaint old village, whose chief attraction seemed to be St. Stephen's church, a building constructed of stone, with a lofty spire and massive embattlements. The tower contains a clock and chimes, numbering six bells. The baptismal font is large and rudely constructed. It is regarded as one of the oldest, if not the oldest, relic of early Christianity in Wales. The church is one of the earliest British churches. The remains of Sir George Lewis, Chancellor of the Exchequer, repose in this ancient church, the register of which dates back to 1682.

The view of old Radnor is pastorally beautiful with its cultivated valley and rich verdant slope. There is a peculiar peacefulness about the valley with its old church and its quaint old-fashioned people. Some of the houses are so old that their roofs are moss-grown, and their residents are consistently equipped, both morally and physically. The town was once totally destroyed during war time and has never been entirely restored. The land is owned by gentlemen, Sir Herbert Lewis being the chief owner. The people live principally by agriculture, although the soil is gravelly to a great extent. The peaceful valley with the Radnor Forest Mountains a short distance away and a waterfall dashing down a mass of rock and earth 70 feet high, form a picture that left an indelible impression on the brain of the busy physician. He could readily understand what a trial it was to these simple-minded people, to be restrained from worshipping God in the manner deemed by them as most appropriate. How utterly their trials must have overcome them, when, rather than submit to dictation

both in their spiritual and in their secular lives, they left their beloved mother-country, and sought a home in a new country that was filled with many dangers.

Looking from the old Radnor in Wales to the new Radnor in Pennsylvania, one can easily see how the peaceful undulating country comforted the weary eyes of the heart-sore pilgrims. True, their first homes were really caves in the hill-sides. But here they could meet and worship in their unique way with no one to interfere, no soldiery to break in upon them, no king's mandate to threaten their lives. Thanks to the gracious dealings of William Penn, the very savages, of whom they might reasonably have been afraid, did not molest them. In truth, here in the woods of a new country, among savage Indians and wild animals, they were more free from being molested than in their own peaceful native villages. Many times, no doubt, their hearts went back with painful longing to their homes and friends. But with deeper and more enduring love they clung together to the spot that gave them peace and prosperity

CHAPTER XI.

IN 1892 Dr. James learned that his cousin Morris Worthington had sold the old homestead at Somerton. He felt that the best relics that he could preserve from the place of his birth could be most pleasantly obtained with his camera. Thus he could collect pictures of the different points which he wished to obtain. He also wanted to visit the nooks and corners, the streams and springs, the woodlands and rolling meadows, the fruit and forest trees of the present and compare them with those that were the haunts of his boyhood days. Those days lived in his memory although he had not been able to visit the scenes because of his busy life. So, with his camera slung over his shoulder, he set out on his tour of inspection.

Many a time he had rushed past the place on the express trains to and from New York, as his duties as Professor of Physiology called him there during the three years of duty in the Women's Hospital College of the University of New York. But on these flying visits he had not been able to note the improvements that had been made in that place which was long ago included in the twenty-third ward of Philadelphia.

Leaving the railroad station, he stood long and looked at the altered surroundings, thinking how narrow was the limit now in comparison with the ideas of his childhood days. Alas! We all know that the high hill which was the delight of many a childhood hour, seems but a slight elevation of ground when we reach maturity. Dr. James started along a road leading into the woods immediately adjoining those which were once the property of his father. All along the road on both sides he found beautiful summer residences. Near by ran a murmuring stream, fed by a not far distant spring. Entering the woods he followed the "little river" and recognized many of the stately trees which were the saplings of his boyhood days. There also he saw the decaying trunks of some of the giant trees which had been his great delight to climb. The nut trees recalled vividly to his memory nutting frolics with his brothers, sisters and playmates. As he stood gazing upon the scene, he thought after all that there was a greater change in him than in his surroundings. He thought of those same companions

and wondered if they had been with him that day, whether they would have scrambled with delight and eaten with greedy appetites the unseasoned nuts. Instead, he thought, they would stand under the rattling shower of burs and nuts and perhaps not dare to eat a tempting morsel for fear of indigestion. Here too, were great ropes of the wild grape vines twisting and climbing as when he was a boy. The old ones were dead he knew, but the new ones nobly performed the same task, although to him the difference was great. He heard in his mind the sound of childish talk and laughter that would ring through the woods in a short time. For soon the great clusters would be fully ripe and he longed to be a witness to the jolly scene.

Wandering on he found some old trees that he knew well. As he leaned against those giant oaks, they seemed like old friends standing there to bid him welcome, and also to remind him of the days when he climbed high among their branches, in order to have a fine view of the surrounding country. Still further onward he reached the spring that had been so carefully walled up by his father's directions. Beside it was a glass, from which he drank again and again, of the crystal pure water that bubbled up in bright abundance, at the foot of the hill and over-flowed the spring. The water was just as pure and sweet as it was in his youth, and just as refreshing as on those hot summer days of yore, when, tired out with play, he would lie down under the spreading foliage and drink eagerly of the cool, sparkling beverage. He stooped and picked some minerals from the brook, lifted some lovely, green moss from its stony bed, purloined a beautiful, red-streaked water turtle from its home near the spring, plucked a few wild plants to carry to his city yard, and then with the falling leaves crackling under his feet and whispering of by-gone days, he turned to the road once more.

Thoughtfully he journeyed onward, looking on the familiar landmarks, and taking pictures of them, but realizing all the while, that while in many respects they were as in childhood, yet all were different. Thus recalling T. B. Read's—

Between broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born.
The peach tree leans against the wall,
The wood-bine wanders over all.
There is the shaded doorway still,
But a stranger's foot has cross'd the sill.

CHAPTER XII.

DR. JAMES was a member of the Masonic Order, having passed through all the chairs of the Perkin's Lodge of Pennsylvania, and was therefore Past Master of that Lodge. He was also a member of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, and held the post of Chairman of the Masonic Veteran Association of Philadelphia. This association entertained the Masonic Veteran Association of New York. At that time there was a fine collation served and the speech making, toasts and general conversation were very consistent with the dignity of the members who, having attained their majority in Masonry, had arrived at the gracious dignity of veterans. Dr. James delivered the welcoming address, which in a few words expressed the fraternal fellowship and genial hospitality of brother and friend to the honored guests. When time permitted and the subject was agreeable, Dr. James was a brilliant speaker and aroused enthusiasm in his audience. At this time he was particularly pleased that he was the one to greet and welcome the New York Association, who had extended graceful courtesy to the Association of Philadelphia on a previous occasion. He was therefore in the mood to be most hearty. Having laid business cares aside he was the devoted entertainer, though he by no means asserted himself before brethren who were equally delighted to have such guests.

Dr. James was a member of Columbia H. R. A. Chapter and of the Corinthian Chasseur Commandery of Philadelphia. This Commandery makes a fine appearance when on parade, and Dr. James on such occasions proved himself to be a fine horseman.

In addition to belonging to the various Masonic Orders, Dr. James was a member of the Sons of the Revolution, Historical Society of Pennsylvania, American Academy of Political and Social Science, American Association for the Advancement of Science, American Public Health Association, Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, The Franklin Institute, Historical and Ethnological Society, Sitka, Alaska; the Union

League, Phila., The Horticultural Society, Anglers' Association, Society of American Authors, The Spring Garden Institute, Young Men's Christian Association, and many others.

From the above list one may well judge of the varied interests of this prominent physician and author. For a period of thirty-five years he was a trustee of the Spring Garden Institute, whose welfare and interests were very dear to him.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN one of the earlier chapters, mention was made of Dr. James's wonderfully successful treatment while physician in the Northern Home for Friendless Children, of a disease of the eye, known to the medical profession as Ophthalmia. Feeling intense sympathy for all those suffering from any cause whatever, he had, perhaps, the greatest amount of sympathy for those afflicted with diseases of the eye. This was caused, no doubt, by the fact that he most fully realized what a terrible loss those suffered who were so afflicted.

Recognizing the great need of a suitable place where physicians of his school could send their patients who stood in need of surgical or special treatment, which can only be secured in hospitals, Dr. James established a private hospital in his own home on Green Street for their use. The demands made upon the necessarily limited space were so great that he secured the large double house next his own and thus enlarged the facilities. When, however, the Homoeopaths founded more and larger hospitals, his own was used almost exclusively by his own patients.

In his professional work Dr. James came in contact with many who were suffering with diseases of the eye, many of whom were so situated that they could not be properly treated at home and could not afford to go to hospitals for relief. Time and again he took them to his own hospital and here they received the same careful attention as those who paid for his services. In many cases, the doctor found that even after he had treated them and given them prescriptions for their glasses, they were unable to pay for the latter. Here again his kindness and generosity were shown for he paid for having the prescriptions filled out of his own pocket.

These acts of his soon became known and many a sufferer went to him for relief. We all know that the cost of glasses is no small item and certainly to those whose earnings are small the necessary sum of money is very great. The constantly increasing appeal for such deserving help became so great, that Dr. James interested some of his wealthy patients in this cause and thus secured additional funds. But even this proved in time insufficient for the increased demands. It was then that the

idea of conducting a clinic for eye and ear diseases in his hospital was formed.

As soon as the necessary arrangements could be made, the clinics were held every Thursday and Saturday afternoon in the Bushrod James Ear and Eye Institute. Here, aided by a corps of physicians who were making such diseases their special study, thousands of cases were treated. When the need for treatment in the hospital presented itself, the sufferer was admitted without pay. The question of how to provide the money for glasses for those who could not even afford to pay a small sum toward them, resulted in the establishing of a Clinic Auxiliary. This Auxiliary was composed of ladies who were patients of Dr. James. Their object was to provide the money with which to purchase glasses when needed.

Busy as the doctor was these clinics always found him ready. One day a friend remarked to Dr. James that he wondered how he could stand this extra work. "Work?" the doctor said, "I call it a pleasure. You don't know how thankful I feel when a grateful patient, after wearing a pair of glasses for the first time, says to me, 'Why doctor I never knew before how beautiful the sky looked on a star-lit night.'"

A boy of about thirteen years of age was hit in the eye, causing serious injury. The parents took their child to physicians for treatment. At last they were told that their son would not only lose the sight in that eye but in course of a few years the other eye would become afflicted through sympathy, and total blindness result. The parents, naturally, were almost frantic with grief. They were poor and there was no one to support the boy when he grew up. Dr. James heard of the case through a patient, and sent word to the parents to bring the child to him. They did so. After months of personal care and attention the parents were told that, unless there were another accident, the injured eye would remain as it was, and the well eye be normal. Imagine the thankfulness of those people and what gratitude they expressed when the doctor refused any money, remarking that he was only too glad to be of help to the boy. That boy is a man today holding his own in the great army of wage earners.

What a source of pleasure it must be for a man to look back over such a record of usefulness to mankind. As in every charity there are found ungrateful recipients, so it was in this clinic. Time and again people who had been benefited by the most del-

icate operations and careful treatment, accepted all as a matter of course and never once said even, "Thank you," to any of the physicians to whom they owed their restored or benefited vision. Such instances are known to all whose work is among mankind.

Dr. James often spoke of these clinic patients as his children and he said that they were very near and dear to him. Shortly before his death he commenced alterations on the house at the southeast corner of Eighteenth and Mt. Vernon Streets, fitting it up as a hospital for private patients. The building then in use, on Green Street, for that purpose, was to be used for clinic cases and a room was to be set apart on the first floor, for a Children's Library, thus hoping to give pleasure to those who came to the clinics. This great charitable work was interrupted for a time by his death. But the good work is to be continued, for by his will his estate was given to the City of Philadelphia, in trust, for the maintenance of these institutions. The Provident Life and Trust Company of Philadelphia was made executor of his estate. The city has accepted this gift and the noble work established by Dr. James will be resumed.

During the summer preceding his death, Dr. James went for a rest to York Harbor, Maine, and other New England resorts. While here he contracted a severe cold, and, owing to a system run down by over work, the cold grew worse and pneumonia developed. He rallied and as soon as he could be safely moved he was brought home. Instead of taking the needed rest he so often prescribed for others, he returned to his duties sooner than was expedient. The early winter was a trying one, and unable to stand the strain, he collapsed and was compelled to remain in his room. In spite of all the remedies known to skilled physicians, and careful nursing he grew gradually weaker, and on the fifth of January, 1903, he quietly sank to his eternal rest.

The funeral took place on the Saturday following. Prominent men from near and far, as well as those of lesser fame attended the ceremonies on that day. Followed by a host of those who desired to honor his memory, his body was placed in its resting place in Monument Cemetery. Here the impressive rites of the Masonic Order of which he was so loyal a member took place.

The marble monument marking his grave, bears underneath his name, the brief but appropriate inscription—

PHYSICIAN, AUTHOR, PHILANTHROPIST.

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